



# Vox Wesleyana

LITERARY  
NUMBER

Vol. XXIII.

FEBRUARY, 1920

No. 3



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## Literary Number

### HONOR ROLL

THE PRINCESS AND THE POET - W. KRISTJANSON  
(The Prize Story)

FAILURES OF IDEALISM - - - - M. E. GRAHAM

YOUNG FRANCE - - - - - A. W. CANN

THE BARGAIN BOLSHEVIST - - - - M. L. DAVIS

LOCALS SOCIETIES AND PERSONALS

### CONVENTION REPORT

RELIGIOUS WESLEYETTES EXCHANGE AND REVIEW

ALUMNI ATHLETICS





## OBITUARY

Bissett, P. W. ....M.	(Killed).....Motor M. G.
Briggs, T. L. ....'16	(Died of Wounds).....5th Batt.
Bright, C. ....	(Died of Pneumonia).....C.A.S.C.
Bridgeman, F. ....'16	(Killed).....102nd Batt.
Brown, R. R. J. ....'00	(Killed).....2nd Contingent
Butchart, T. J. L. ....'19	(Killed).....19th Reserve
Crummy, W. T. ....'13	(Killed).....29th Batt.
Davey, E. ....M. '18	(Killed) .....
Davis, Webster ....'20	(Killed).....196 Re-inforcement
Deacon, L. J. ....M. '13	(Died).....A.S.C.
Fisher, J. T. ....'18	(Killed).....43rd Batt.
Griffith, W. L. ....M. '15	(Killed).....P.P.C.L.I.
Irvine, Wesley .....	(Killed).....226th Batt.
Johnson, H. ....'12	(Killed).....108th
Jones, O. A. ....M. '15	(Killed).....Strathconas
Kelly, Magnus ....'15	(Killed).....R.F.C.
Kennedy, J. H. M. ....M. '98	(Killed).....C.M.R.
Kerr, Oscar ....M.	(Killed).....32nd
Latchford, C. L. ....'21	(Killed).....78th
Leech, Hart .....	(Killed).....C.M.R.
Leitch, R. C. ....M. '15	(Killed).....P.P.C.L.I.
Lindal, Skuli .....	(Killed).....223rd
Loft, A. ....'13	(Killed).....44th
Long, E. S. ....'18	(Killed).....18th Reserve
Lovett, C. W. ....'19	(Killed).....1st Field Amb.
McLean, W. L. ....	(Killed).....No. 2, C.C.C.S.
Mulligan, A. A. ....'13	(Killed).....8th Batt.
Mills, G. C. ....M.	(Killed).....R.F.C.
Mitchell, J. C. ....'12	(Killed) .....
Morrison, H. ....	(Killed).....203rd
Nason, Bert ....'17	(Killed).....Strathconas
Nelson, J. E. ....'16	(Killed).....13th Field Batt.
Oliver, Claude ....'16	(Killed) .....
Patience, H. L. ....T. '16	(Killed).....61st
Popham, C. ....'13	(Killed).....M.T.D.
Reedman, W. E. ....'15	(Killed).....73rd
Rice, R. ....'17	(Killed).....61st
Rose, Arthur ....'16	(Killed).....46th
Ross, J. ....M. '14	(Killed).....Strathconas
Scott, D. N. ....M. '15	(Killed).....27th Batt.
Simpson, F. L. ....'12	(Killed).....53rd
Smith, Colin ....T. '17	(Killed).....8th Batt.
Spiers, H. F. ....	(Killed).....27th
Stephenson, A. E. ....T. '17	(Killed) .....
Swain, S. ....'19	(Killed) .....
Streat, S. ....'19	(Killed).....10th Field Amb.
Thomas, N. ....	(Killed).....M.C.
Woodgate, E. J. ....M. '15	(Killed).....P.P.C.L.I.
Young, R. B. ....	(Killed).....Strathconas



# THE PRIZE STORY

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## THE PRINCESS AND THE POET

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By W. Kristjanson

(Dug up in the ruins of Babylon, and considered the oldest specimen existing of the ancient novel, the fairy tale.)

It was a Saturday afternoon. King Haroun-el-Sur had ruled his kingdom well and wisely all week, and now he looked forward with pleasure to spending a week-end with his family, at their magnificent castle on the hillside, opposite the capital. He would, safely, leave the reins of government in the hands of Hassan-al-Din, the Grand Vizier, while he was away.

It was a fine afternoon, and King Haroun-el-Sur decided to dispense with the usual equipment and body-guard, and to walk across the valley to his castle. His long ermine robe he could double across his arm to save the train from dragging in the dirt. Really, this was not at all a proper procedure for him, but he wanted to be alone for a while, and meditate on a certain domestic problem that was then worrying him. As if it were not enough to have all the usual affairs of state to look after, and a foreign war to prosecute, his oldest daughter had fallen in love with a poet. Of all things, a poet! He had even tried his hand at novel-making! True, he was a prince by birth, but that scarcely altered the fact that he composed verse. The king had absolutely forbidden his daughter to consider this absurd match. In his younger days, this would have been considered sufficient, but the rising generation seemed to be behind his own in the matter of parental obedience, and the Princess Lolanda refused to forget her poet-lover.

Meditating on these things he neared his castle. The portcullis was raised on his approach, and the guard turned smartly out, as was its wont. He passed through, and without further ceremony approached his own door. He paused on the threshold. The sight that met his eyes cheered his heart. His beloved wife, Zulima, was busy preparing the afternoon tea. The two youngsters were playing in one corner, while some of the older ones were preparing their lessons. The king's younger children, unlike Princess Lolanda, were models of behaviour, and always had their Monday's work finished by Saturday night. The princess refused to learn the one lesson now set before her.

His Highness resolutely put aside his cares and cheerfully greeted the family group. The children all ran to meet him. One, a sturdy little urchin of six summers, rather hastily bestowed a kiss on his father, and then busied himself with the



newcomer's dress. A pleased exclamation showed that he had found the object of his search, and out he pulled a parcel of tablets. On these were engraved the latest comic pictures, which were specially styled by the Court artist for the benefit of the royal children. This artist had the rare faculty of seeing other men's troubles with a humorous eye, and had conceived the brilliant idea of turning into a farce the tragedy of a hen-pecked husband's life. He did this so cleverly that those who were acting out this tragedy in their own home life were able to laugh with the rest.

After suitably greeting the children and his royal consort, the king hung his crown on its accustomed peg behind the door. This crown was really only a light circlet, which he used for walking out, but it was of pure gold, and studded with diamonds. His sceptre he disposed of on its stand near the umbrella-rack. He then summoned a slave, and bade him bring something cooling to drink. The slave made a deep obeisance and retired, returning almost immediately, carrying delicious ice-cooled water in a priceless porcelain jug. The jug was a birthday present from the Emperor of China, and the ice was the best obtainable and was specially imported all the way from Iceland. The water itself came from a natural spring in the northern part of an island that lies to the west of the Continent of Europe. (That country is now called Scotland.—Ed.) This water was very refreshing, and much sought after by those who had once tasted it.

Tea was now announced and all, except Princess Lolanda, who was missing, sat down to it. The queen was skilled in the art of brewing tea, and full justice was done to it.

After the dishes had been cleared away, the king lay down in a hammock, to have a little rest and to read the Court Tattler. There were many things in the Court Tattler that amused him. Even though he was a very kingly king, he was sufficiently human to like to hear the gossip of the Court. Idly he turned the papyrus pages. Here was an interesting item about the Grand Vizier, not absolutely vouched for, but from a very reliable source, and here was something, absolutely vouched for, about his political opponent. Presently he came to the serial story. It was written by that objectionable poet-prince, but he condescended to read. The author was now away, serving with the crown prince, and fighting his country's battles. That made some difference.

The novel was, as all novels are, a love story :

"Once upon a time there lived a king. He had an only daughter, whose beauty surpassed any heard of, or seen, by mortal man. Raven locks framed a forehead that had the brightness of the full moon; her complexion was the pure white of the lily combined with the crimson red of the blushing rose. Her breath possessed the perfume of fresh violets; that it even embalmed the air was positively asserted by many. Her enticing, ruby lips were to be likened only to full-grown, luscious straw-



berries, and as the priceless pearls of the Arabian Sea were her beautiful, even teeth. Her voice was the sweetest music of nature, and her musical laugh had the sound of tinkling silver bells. Her lustrous eyes shed soft light on the happy mortals who had the fortune to be able to bask in the warmth of her presence, and so full of magnetism were her looks that one was filled with rapture. The perfect symmetry of her matchless form . . . The straightness of his splendid figure was matched by the straightness of the lordly pine. His eyes resembled those of the falcon; his eyebrows were those of the sable. His majestic bearing was rivalled only by the princely Apollo . . . and they lived happily ever after."

"The noble simp, how did he get that way!" ejaculated the king, as he threw down the paper. "The present-day authors write of nothing but love. They make me sick."

"My dear," expostulated his shocked spouse, who had been sitting near, knitting socks for her soldier boy, "you mustn't use slang. You know, all the Court takes example from you."

"Can you blame me? Why can't these novelists write of something new, once in a while?"

"My dear, love is always something new—at least, once in every lifetime. Surely you do not forget the time when you carried your own sweetheart off from the stronghold of a tyrant guardian?"

A far-away look came into the king's eyes, and he was evidently thinking of a time, long ago, when a gallant young prince was courting the then fairest maiden on earth. Yet he would not completely unbend, and he answered his previous line of thought more directly than the last.

"Nonsense! How can you entertain the idea of a fellow who writes such stuff marrying our daughter? Besides, we need to cement the alliance with our neighbor to the north."

"But the prince has shown himself a man in the recent fighting, and altogether exhibited more steadfast character than hitherto. Our son has praised him very much in recent dispatches."

"That is right, my dear, but we must put first the interests of the State, and consider the foreign alliance."

At this time a shout was raised outside, and two men, on horseback, were seen to be approaching the castle.

"The Prince! The Prince!" was the shout.

"Indeed it is," said the queen, running to the window and drawing aside the curtains, "it is our Benasir, and young Chansand is with him. What can be the matter?"

The mystery was soon solved. A tall young fellow, resplendent in the uniform of the Household Guards, strode into the room. He greeted his parents affectionately, and then at once explained his unlooked-for presence.



"We won a splendid victory, and the enemy is completely crushed. I decided to be the bearer of the glad tidings, and, besides, I have an important matter to discuss with your Highness.

"The king of the defeated enemy was killed in the battle, and the remaining chiefs sent a delegation to us, under a flag of truce. They say that their country was forced into the war by their late king, who always was a bitter enemy of your majesty's. The delegates desire that their country be now taken under your protection, and that an able man be suggested, whom they will choose for king. They have great respect for the ability of Prince Chansand, and would be pleased to have him. He certainly has done well in the campaign, and it was because of his presence of mind that our Household Cavalry was saved from annihilation by a cleverly-laid trap in the last battle. He came to our rescue and cinched the victory.

"Then there is another important matter about which I would like to say a few words, although I do not suppose they will be necessary now. It is concerning Prince Chansand and my sister. . . ."

Prince Benasir did not have time to finish his speech, for the door opened, and in the doorway stood Prince Chansand himself, and by his side the Princess Lolanda . . . "The straightness of his splendid figure was matched . . . The perfect symmetry of her matchless form . . ."

Lightly the princess tripped forward and seated herself on her father's knee. The three now combined in the attack on the citadel, which had all but yielded, and at last the stronghold was carried. The king, who knew how to yield gracefully, laid his hand on his daughter's head, and giving her right hand to her lover, said, "Circumstances have changed, my children, and there are now no obstacles to the marriage you so ardently desire. You have my hearty consent. May you have a bright future." And as the young prince and princess knelt to receive a father's blessing, something seemed to whisper to them that they **would** . . . "live happy ever after."



## THE BARGAIN BOLSHEVIST

"Bein' an onbustable fool, I wint."

Kipling—"The Courtship of Dinah Shadd."

Somehow or other we had never been quite convinced that Bolshevism was as rampant in this western land of ours as many sensationalists would have us believe. But an experience of the past week has convinced us startlingly that even amongst the gentler sex the spark of anarchy needs but little fanning to set it glowing. There is nothing that can set that individualistic spark into a veritable bonfire with greater haste than a bargain counter.

Our apologies, gentle cynic, for being there ourselves, but even you must have seen the wonderful voiles in Eaton's windows at next to nothing a yard. We are almost certain that it was you who went up in the same elevator with us. But to return to the alluring window display — we gazed enraptured at the riot of gorgeous colors. In fact, we pressed our nose close to the glass while our feet slowly froze to the pavement. We felt that we simply had to have a gown of that lovely tissue even at the sacrifice of theatre tickets for the Mikado. We returned home and babbled incessantly of summer frocks and hats to match. We spent an entire evening discussing the Parisian designer's new models with short, full skirts and even asked a mathematical friend of ours for an estimate as to our financial outlay.

Monday morning dawned pale and grey and stormy. All the better, thought we; this weather will at least keep some bargain-seekers at home. We rushed down to breakfast, hastily swallowed a cup of coffee and dashed for the Portage car. We hailed a passing car—it continued to pass. Nothing daunted we hailed the next—it likewise passed. Upon this we commenced to mildly criticize the street railway service. Yet another car hove in sight. We planted ourselves on the car-track and waved wildly, emulating the semaphore—would we had known the code! The conductor dinged the bell, the motorman gave us a look which resolved us to write the management at once, and the car passed on.

"Very well!" we exclaimed, "we'll walk."

You know yourself what the pavements were like on Monday morning, dear reader. We ploughed valiantly along and gazed wild-eyed at every woman that passed. Each had that voile bargain-counter look. If only we had a tank to blaze a trail. We experienced that futile, helpless feeling that we'd never make it on time. However, at seven minutes after the opening time we reached that counter. Ye gods! There were short women, tall women, fat women, all jostling for a position near the counter. We made a dash for a spot somewhere in the vicinity of the voiles. We stood in the third rank of a file about five deep. We glimpsed the material we wanted and heard a clerk say, "That's sold." However, we continued to hold the position in the vain



hope of obtaining our second choice. All at once we felt a stunning blow and then another. We looked down and beheld a modern Eve about four feet nothing in height who was struggling to oust us from our vantage point. We never met a woman endowed with so many elbows before. In the language of the ring, she was a whirlwind. Finally, when she commenced to climb upon our shoulders, we retired from the scene of action, stepping gently but firmly upon her toes as we retreated. Our last impression of the seething mass was of a middle-aged Jewish woman with her hat knocked over her eyes who was combating with all-comers.

"I protes' thees ees mine. Eet ees not fair. She takes it fro-om me."—and she yanked a bolt of voile from the woman standing next to her, who promptly snatched it back. Rather than be an eyewitness to what promised to be police-court proceedings we performed a strategic retreat.

In the meantime we have sworn off any more bargains. Doubtless we will not go again until we are enticed by another display despite the fact that we have just finished an article entitled "The Psychology of Bargain-hunting" which caused us to breathe a sigh of relief at our narrow escape. Oh, well! It is much too cool for voile just now, and beside we really hadn't decided exactly how to have it made, and the critics claim the "Mikado" a triumph. After all, it's a poor bargain that doesn't save a few sense.

—M. L. D.

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### SONNET TO THE WIND

---

How in the bosom of the wind doth lie  
 The essence of our human thought! How well  
 Its moods, in tune with ours, lead on our thought  
 To deeper meditation! Oft, when I  
 Walk, troubled by some deep, incessant care,  
 At dead of night, in lonely, unlit ways,  
 The sighing wind is my companion.  
 He, moaning, passes through the leafless boughs  
 And unconsolated seeks ever and anon,  
 O'er deepest forest, trackless waste, o'er all  
 Th' expanses of the world, till last he finds  
 Him whom he seeks, and is at rest.  
 So with my soul. My deepest problems all  
 Are met and conquered by thy aid, O Wind!

—R. F. Hughes, '22.



## THE FAILURES OF IDEALISM

---

It has been said that "The failures of Idealism are the landmarks of social progress." In other words, the idealists of history have been the means by which humanity has risen on stepping-stones of its dead self "to higher things." Can this claim be substantiated by an appeal to the facts of history? Ralph Waldo Emerson says, "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man . . . all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons." This is particularly true of the idealist, and although derided by his own generation as a failure, he is, nevertheless, the most practical of men. This I shall now endeavor to show by an appeal to the three great departments of human development, namely, the political, the intellectual, and the religious.

Perhaps there has been no more striking triumph of a political ideal than the inauguration of the League of Nations. Less than a decade ago such a step was universally considered to be outside the bounds of practical politics. It was the dream of but a few visionaries. So remote from everyday thought was a League of Nations a few years ago that we generally think of it as a new ideal brought into existence by the exigencies of war. And yet it is one of the oldest ideals conceived by the mind of man. Three thousand years ago a Hebrew seer taught that men "shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," and added, that as a result of this general disarmament, "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Idealism? Yes. But also the most practical program for world peace ever offered to men. Of course it failed and men jeered at the seer, for the world was not ready.

Ideals, however, are not crushed by force nor destroyed by laughter. Towards the close of the 13th Century Pierre du Bois, a young lawyer of Coustances in Normandy, proposed a congress of princes which should organize an international court of arbitration, but his proposal failed. At a later date Henry IV of France proposed what he called "The Great Design," a proposal to organize the world by a federation of the nations, and to substitute the methods of law for the ways of war. His Design did not mature. In the 18th Century Emmanuel Kant again urged the same ideal, and once more it failed to gain the assent of men. Thus we have an ideal that has been proposed again and again, only each time to meet with ridicule and failure. To-day the nations have eagerly turned to this spurned ideal as the one hope of salvation for modern civilization. The ideal at which men laughed has become the reality for which men now strive. Each time this ideal failed represents one landmark passed in the onward march of humanity to the reign of peace on earth.

Let us now turn to the department of intellectual growth. In the year 1543 Copernicus published his book teaching that the



true motion of the earth is around the sun and not, as had been believed, that the sun travels around the earth. This book was edited by Osiander, and as the editor foresaw the outcry which this novel teaching would raise, he untruly stated in his preface that the book was only put forth as a hypothesis. Soon after the publication of this book Galileo de' Galilei proved beyond all question the truth of the Copernican theory. What was the result? Galileo found himself in conflict with the Church. The book of Copernicus was placed upon the Index of the Church and for a time Galileo was silenced. Again he tried and wrote his Dialogues explaining the pros and cons of the old and new theories. This time Galileo was brought before the Inquisition and in 1616, threatened with torture, publicly recanted the scientific theory, the proof of which he had established. Thus once more did the Ideal meet with defeat. But it was Galileo who failed; the Ideal lived. Another landmark had been passed in human progress. All modern astronomy begins with the truth taught by Copernicus and denied by Galileo.

It is in the religious department of human development where idealism most abounds, and where the field is most bestrewn with its failures. Yet nowhere else is it so clear that "the failures of idealism are the landmarks of social progress." Well might Milton sing, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War." Socrates, teaching virtue and truth to the youth of Athens, is forced to drink the hemlock, and his enemies think that his truth has been for ever silenced. His truth, however, had found lodgment in the master mind of Plato, and through him has become the foundation of the world's thought. Religious idealism found voice in Wycliffe but his Lollards were persecuted. It leaped forth in Savonarola at Florence, and in John Huss of Bohemia, and they were burned at the stake. But they were the forerunners of the Reformation by which the Ideal triumphed and changed the history of Europe.

It is in Jesus of Nazareth, however, that Idealism makes its greatest failure and its most magnificent success. Pilate, the religious leaders of his day, and even his closest friends, all thought that when Jesus was led to his cross his cause had most ignominiously failed. Yet that same Cross is the turning point of history and the greatest landmark in the long story of social progress. Intended as the instrument of blackest disgrace, it has become the symbol of every upward movement of humanity, the way to which men are more and more turning as the solution of all social and moral problems of mankind.

"The failures of idealism are the landmarks of social progress" because the idealists are the world's most practical men, men whose creed is that of Browning when he sings,

"Oh, if we draw a circle premature,  
Heedless of far gain,  
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure,  
Bad is our bargain."

—M. E. Graham, '22.



YOUNG FRANCE

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Most descriptions of the French soldier leave in one's mind the impression of a misty-blue dressed, wine-drinking, "Madelon"-singing, loud-voiced, fiercely-gesticulating, and vulgar individual.

He is superficially polite, yet contemptuous in his treatment of women; a splendid dashing fighter, yet erratic and undependable; religious, yet not Christian; generous, yet mercenary: a bundle of contradictions.

That is a true picture as far as it goes, but it is impressionistic.

There is another type, which unfortunately most of us did not meet, but which far more truly represents the real soul of France, and in the men of this type lies the only hope of the recovery of France from her moral decadency. These young men of France are very idealistic, and possess in a very marked degree the courage, purity, faith, and intense patriotic fervor of Joan of Arc. It is significant that it was in the time of Joan of Arc that the words "La Patrie" came into common use.

In the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Paris, there is a tablet erected to the memory of one young soldier of this type. The erection of the tablet in that place is significant, for it is the Protestant element which will, some think, ultimately work out the salvation of France.

Under the name of this captain are the words, in French, "Death is nothing. Welcome Death if by it our France emerges triumphant." Then follows the date of his death on the field of honor, and under that the English words, "And how can man die better . . . ?"

How these words breathe of patriotism, self-sacrifice and idealism!

Most of our friends lost their idealism at the hands of the drill-sergeants, or in the mud, and wet and cold. But young France retained its idealism to the end, and this is shown still further in a little book of letters called, "A Young Soldier of France."

The writer of these letters was a university student, barely 19 years of age. His father had been a missionary in Basutoland, where this young man was born. He was a Student Volunteer, and was in his second year in theology at the University of Montauban when the war broke out. He was passionately opposed to war and militarism, and although he was too young to be called up, yet he enlisted as a volunteer for the duration of the war.



A few weeks before his enlistment, when he learned of the death of his cousin in action, he wrote, "We who are now 'Young France,' take a solemn pledge upon these newly-made tombs to take up the work of our elders. . . . Our life henceforth is consecrate to their ideal which is now ours."

The first three months of 1915 were spent in military training. During this period his thoughts were always on the new France which must make Christ King. These thoughts were expressed in one of his letters. "We take oath of allegiance, Lord; we will work to bring about Thy Kingdom; we will give our lives for that ideal."

In April, after volunteering for immediate service at the Front, he writes: "Now we are off! I am full of joy at the thought that at last I shall be able to DO something. I am not afraid of death. . . . I have made the sacrifice of my life. I can do it without any fear. . . . I know that to die is to begin to live. . . . All that I have lived for, all that I would have been, and would have done, all THAT, I know, will live again."

From the trenches he writes: "I think of the France that is to be, of the DIVINE France that OUGHT to be. I could not fight if I did not hope confidently for the rebirth of THAT France for whom it will have been worth while to kill and to be killed."

The last letter was written from the Arras front in May, 1915. In it he says: "I have returned to the trench, but I knew that the big attack was imminent. My life has been one tense and anxious watching for the Coming Hour. But I am at peace, I am not afraid of anything, I shall be able to do my "devoir" with God's help. . . . The attack cannot but succeed. There will be killed and wounded, but we shall go forward and go far. . . ."

This unfinished letter was found in the pocket of his greatcoat when he was buried.

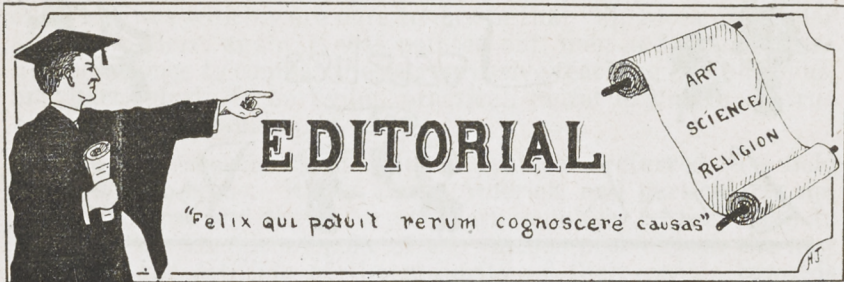
These selections will perhaps show that the letters themselves are touching in their simplicity, beautiful in their intimacy and self-revelation, and splendid in their idealism.

They will also, we trust, give some idea of a type of manhood almost hidden by the grosser and more garish elements in France.

A country which can inspire such idealism, patriotism and enthusiasm in its young men, is not entirely without hope.

—A. Willis Cann.





Owing to various causes of delay the new year is well under way before this number of "Vox" goes to the printer, but we would like to say here that we were fairly well pleased with the showing made by Wesley at the Xmas exams. Keep it up, and remember good exam. results add as much to the glory of Wesley as does success in sports.

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In this issue we are printing the short story which was awarded the decision in its class in our Literary Contest. We wish to congratulate Mr. Kristjanson and hope he will not let his literary talent remain unused after this success, but will contribute to "Vox" not only this year but in the future as well.

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We regret to report that the Literary Contest this year was not blessed with a great number of entries, and that in the Essay and Poetry sections no decisions were awarded; in the former because there were no entries, and in the latter because the judges were of the opinion that none of the poems were up to the standard which should exist in an institution such as ours.

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In the short space at my disposal in this issue I would like to draw attention to the various interprovincial and international activities being carried on by the U.M.S.U. I have not the space to indicate these activities fully, but would like to suggest that the students of Wesley show greater interest in them. We have not supported U.M.S.U. teams in the past as we ought to have done. We have, of course, done our share financially, I think, and have our "reps." on the various committees, but in the enthusiastic personal support of every student Wesley has been lacking. Learn the U.M.S.U. yell. Get out and add your lusty voice whenever this yell is being used to "enthuse" any U.M.S.U. team.





### THE REPORT OF OUR DES MOINES DELEGATES

The nine delegates who were our college representatives at the Student Volunteer Convention held recently in Des Moines, Iowa, gave their reports on Friday evening, January 9th. The walls of the Convocation Hall were used, on that occasion, as a small gallery for posters, on which were portrayed in a graphical manner some of the facts and figures concerning the Foreign Mission Field. A large number of students and some members of the faculty constituted the audience, all appearing greatly interested in the proceedings. Professor Argue occupied the chair, introducing the object of the meeting with as few remarks as possible. He did not wish to take the time of the meeting, and therefore introduced the first speaker, Mr. W. Banks.

It was the duty of Mr. Banks to give his fellow-students a general idea of the great Convention and its manner of procedure. He described the huge hall in which the main sessions were held, told how sectional meetings were carried on, how accommodation had been secured, the arrangement of different delegations, the number of universities represented, the various nationalities—forty in all—and the type and number of speakers, giving many notable names. His narrative was a very fitting introduction for what was to follow.

The meeting that evening had been so arranged as to draw attention from two viewpoints, viz.: missions according to countries, and missions according to kind. The next speaker, therefore, Mr. Churchill, gave a splendid account of missions in Africa. He mentioned the fact of the Mohammedan faith existing in North Africa, and spreading rapidly southwards into the pagan territory, whilst the handful of Christians in South Africa was slowly spreading its creed northwards. Consequently the middle of Africa is a great "no man's land," and the vital question there to-day is "Who will win it? Will Mohammed or Christ?" The speaker went on to say that Africa needed help immediately or the Moslems would undoubtedly master the situation. This address showed the urgent need of Africa in a very striking manner.



Miss J. McBean, who was the next to speak, gave an account of missionary work in Japan. She enumerated the wonderful opportunities which were ours to-day in that "kingdom of slender swords." Here, again, it was pointed out, men and women were needed at once to combat the retrogressive teaching of Confucius, and particularly to be living, practical, moral examples of true manhood and womanhood.

The next speech, by Mr. Hoyle Dennison, referred to a field much nearer home. It was Latin America, and particularly applied to Brazil and the other southern republics, rather than to Mexico. Mr. Dennison spoke of the various problems in the new lands, of the attitude of the majority of their people towards religion, of the difficulty in assembling them or even in getting in touch with them. He mentioned some of the methods used by missionaries in their work, and emphasized the pressing needs of these unfortunate people.

Miss L. Johnson, our faculty representative, next gave her report on India. She told in a general way some of the chief characteristics of Hinduism. Amongst these were mentioned the curse of the caste system, the infamous custom of child-marriage, the belief that to work means to sin, the holy men, and the methods, the ways they have of avoiding "sin." She spoke about the lot of the women of India, imprisoned in their zenanas from which they would never emerge, and therefore she laid stress on the fact that women workers were the only missionaries who could ever carry to them the True Light. India is such a large and diversified field that there is room for every device of evangelization. This speech concluded those designed to call special attention to the various countries and mission areas of the world.

The sectional phase of missions was then brought forward by Mr. Jaques, who spoke on a comparatively new departure in mission work, viz.: Agricultural Missions. The object of these was, he said, to fit the rural populations of the various countries where mission work is carried on for the life which is most suitable for them. It was shown that in the Amazon Valley people could grow enough food to supply the whole world if agriculture were properly managed, instead of importing foodstuffs from other countries. Also, a land like India, subject as it is to famine, could be largely freed from the possibility of any such catastrophe by scientific farming. Already agricultural experiments had shown wonderful results, and to feed hungry millions, to bore deep and permanent wells in a parched land, and to teach these down-trodden masses how to support themselves and improve their conditions, was just as much a Christian work as to preach the Word and leave them to drift through life as best they could. Above all, to-day, Christianity must be practical.

Following along these lines, the seventh speaker, Miss Ada Banks, gave the facts about Educational Missions. She told how, and why, education was spreading in mission areas, and went on to state the reasons why it was so necessary at the outposts of



Christianity, how it greatly assisted in breaking down such colossal evils as caste, and upset much of the old philosophy of the ancient civilizations of the Orient. She also gave statistics as to the amount of work that had already been accomplished by Educational Missions, and urgently appealed for assistance from all who felt it their duty to answer the call. This branch of mission work, dealing especially with the training of the young, is therefore one of the most potent factors for carrying out the great work.

Perhaps the most appreciated of all missions is the medical section, about which Mr. J. McLeod spoke. He showed vividly the dire need of the majority of mankind for doctors, nurses, hospitals and drug-stores. He touched upon the crude and atrocious treatment followed by the ignorant medicine men in pagan lands, contrasting it with the modern Christian methods. He gave instances of the good results which had been obtained in winning people to Christianity by practical professional skill, kind treatment and heroic example. There was much work to be done by lady doctors as well as by men, he pointed out, as the conditions under which women lived in heathen lands were often such as prohibited any but women from giving medical assistance. Truly it was stated that medical missions were "Love in Action."

Mr. W. Cann was the last to speak. He summarized the whole of the material already submitted in what was called "A World View." Not only did he show to what extent work had been done, but he made plain the great task that still lies before this generation. In the light of what is now accomplished, it will be seen that the greater part is yet untouched, and yet the indifference of the so-called Christian world is startling. The conclusion was a stirring appeal to all young people to decide on a life worth while, to prepare for it and carry it out. Everyone could not go to the Foreign Field, but each individual could do something to help on the Great Cause.

The meeting was a successful one, causing numerous enquiries, some difference in attitude of mind, and arousing much interest among both students and friends.

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The first social event of the year was held on Friday, January 16th, in the Convocation Hall.

During the assembling of the students the time was agreeably passed in singing popular songs. By eight-thirty a very representative gathering had assembled. As the numbers of boys and girls were almost equal, partners were readily selected by the process of having the names of various flowers written on slips of paper which were then cut in two, one set being given to the ladies and the other to the gentlemen.

The couples thus selected proceeded to take part in a guessing competition. The names of thirteen students were represented



on slips of paper by means of pictures and other devices, each couple trying to get as many names as possible. The prize-winners were Ada Banks and Vic. Riddle.

The gathering then divided into five groups, each of which presented a little skit. Three groups rendered new interpretations of such popular songs as "Tell Me" and "I'll Say She Does," which were both humorous and interesting. The other two groups presented sketches. One represented "The Babies' First Picture." The two "infants" were gaily bedecked for the occasion while "dad" and "mother" tried vainly to keep them quiet with sundry articles such as alarm-clocks, bunches of keys, and rattles, which to the audience appeared to please the parents much more than the children. The picture was finally taken to the satisfaction of all, but when the photographer told mother what the price would be she put her foot down on it, and a real scene from everyday life was enacted with the usual result—mother had the last word.

Group number four then presented a fine interpretation of "Sister's New Beau," showing that old yet ever new story of how the youngsters simply had to be in the parlour when big sister wanted to receive her beaux. Then the new beau came and the old one was discarded for a new one who was so enamoured that he could not tear himself away, the result being that dad kicked him out when he did not leave at twelve bells.

In the last item the committee in charge struck something novel in the artistic line which forced everyone to recall the kindergarten days when plasticine was in vogue. Chiclets were handed around and after they had been well worked up they were moulded into such ferocious things as dogs, cats and rabbits, on little white cards provided for the occasion. The prize artists of the company were Jean Parkinson and Jimmy Dempsey.

Refreshments were served shortly before midnight and the merry gathering dispersed after giving the Buka Laka and the various class yells.

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### '21 MATRICS

A very delightful evening was spent by the Grade X Matrics on January 14th, when they held their Leap Year Party. The girls, after a number of sleepless nights, at last picked up courage enough to ask a boy—some being refused, others accepted. They all met at the college and then proceeded to the Dominion Theatre to see "A Perfect Lover." Arriving back at the college at 10.30, refreshments were served and the remaining hour was spent in playing various games. Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner were the chaperons for the evening.

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M. E. Graham: "Say, Morton, we're about the same height, aren't we?"

Morton (in disgust): "Hey, do you think I'm a kid?"



"The best yet." This was the unanimous vote of the '21 Sliders after their Leap Year Party on January 19th. The girls did the honors, but permitted the boys to haul the toboggans up the seemingly endless stairs. Usually they descended only to rise again on the bump. Myrtle enjoyed it—but ask Mary and Andy how they felt about it.

Little Erralina strayed off from the crowd but was apparently well taken care of. Gilbert wandered also, but returned in time for eats. After sliding about an hour and a half they returned to the college for the usual brown bread and beans.

Miss Johnston chaperoned and also helped to wash dishes.

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Query: Who was the Casualty?

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### SPARE PERIODS

"Hello, 'Butch,' old top," I shouted, "come in and have a game of checkers."

"Can't possibly, old man," he replied, "I'm busy. I have to meet two girls in the library this hour; they all say the place seems more homelike with me there."

"Ah," I pounced upon him, "so you have become a ladies' man!"

"No," he returned, "not intentionally, but the ladies do pay me a good deal of attention lately. You may not have noticed that the senior girls often ask my advice. I say nothing of the girls of my own class, who idolize me, but I could mention several individuals who scheme to meet me on the stairway."

"But," I interrupted, "this weight of social ties must be quite a burden to you."

"Yes, indeed," he admitted, "but I regard it as my duty to make myself available to as many as time permits. And duty is duty, you know. Good-bye, I am afraid I have already kept them waiting too long."

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Bearsto: "Mr. Green, did you publish a history about thirty years ago?"

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Robinson (translating from *La France Heroïque*): "They attached their horses to the trees."

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Green (translating same book): "'Where have you learned to have such presence of mind?' asked the Colonel."

Proper rendering: "'On the football field, Colonel,' said the Sergeant simply."

Green's version: "'On the football field,' said the simple sergeant."



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# RELIGIOUS

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## THE DIVINE DEMOCRACY

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Rev. A. W. Keeton, M.A., B.D.

Democracy is in the ascendant. In the political sphere we have seen its sway enormously extended; the conquest of industry has begun; who can be surprised if we shall hear its victorious arms thundering at the gates of theology? It is but natural that men who have hurled from their thrones the czars and kaisers of the earth should come to feel that the conception of God as a Divine Despot, while it may have served a useful purpose in the past, may, indeed, have been the very best possible under the circumstances, should now have become inadequate and unsuitable to express the thought of the Deity.

No one needs suppose that there has been any evolution in the essence and nature of God corresponding to the evolution in the human conception, any more than that there was any revolutionary change in the solar universe corresponding to the revolution in the human thought concerning it. So that there is no question of a rebellion against God in any way analogous to those which have resulted in the deposing of earthly monarchs. We have constructed our theology largely on analogies drawn from a state dominated by autocratic principles; in the state we have superseded those principles by the higher ideals of democracy; we may therefore expect that it will be necessary to recast our theological ideas, or, at least, adjust the analogies.

The traditional autocratic conception of God is pure anthropomorphism. The Chinese Shang-Ti, the Mohammedan Allah, the Jewish Jehovah, the mediæval God, each represent the particular kind of autocrat with which the theologians concerned were most familiar. The conception is enlarged, ennobled, invested with the highest conceivable attributes, but the true character of the human original always shines through. This process was inevitable, due to our human limitations, and we gain nothing by trying to disguise it.

"I saw Jehovah sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple." Such a figure, attended by adoring



seraphim, the music of whose voices singing his praises causes the foundations to tremble, so over-awes the mind of the Hebrew prophet that he is smitten with a sense of his own unworthiness. Yet, all the splendour of that Oriental court, with its showy ceremony and imposing circumstance, fails to impress us with half the dignity of that lonely man in Gethsemane, who, coming forward to meet the mob that sought him, demands, "Whom seek ye?" "When therefore he said unto them, I am he, they went backward, and fell to the ground."

Is it not a little strange that even Milton's republican mind should have been dazzled by the courts of human sovereignty? There is certainly justice in Taine's criticism: "Milton's Jehovah is a grave king, who maintains a suitable state, something like Charles I. When we meet him for the first time, in Book III, he is holding council, and setting forth a matter of business. From the style we see his grand furred cloak, his pointed Vandyke beard, his velvet-covered throne, and golden dais." And if we wander through all the doctrinal discussion with which this Miltonic Deity favours his court, we shall find that after all he is simply defending his own autocratic procedure. Milton's political opinions are so far from moulding his theological thought that his conception of God is expressed in a Being, who is not only a king, but a Stuart!

Both the Old Testament prophets and the Puritan reformers fulminated against the evils of their time and the social order in which they found themselves, nor did they hesitate, when occasion arose, to denounce their kings and rulers. Manifestly they felt that God opposed such abuses, being a God of social justice, of pure politics as well as of pure religion. Indeed, he is sometimes in open revolt against existing rulers, and the social conditions for which he holds those rulers responsible. But how are the prophets to escape the obvious retort: If God is the greatest Despot, ruling above kings and princes, setting up monarchs and putting down the mighty from their seats, according to his sole will and pleasure, must not this all-powerful autocrat be personally to blame for all that is wrong? Why rail against the puppet kings who are but the creatures of his will? We must trace all things to their source. If he rules as autocrat, then he who is the fountain of all good must also accept responsibility for all the sin and misery of the world. So long as you can believe that always, without exception, and demonstrably, the way of transgressors is hard, and the path of the righteous as the light of dawn which shineth more and more unto the perfect day, the situation is not desperate. But the mystery of prosperous wickedness and the problem of the sufferings of the righteous Job confront us. Nor is it a convincing answer that Job is overwhelmed by the vastness and the mystery of the material universe, with the sense of outraged justice still unsatisfied.

In order that the blame for sin and sorrow might be taken from God and saddled on man, some way must be found of admitting man to responsibility. And that can be done only by limiting



the autocracy of God. Hence the controversy between predestination and free will. Theologians wanted to retain undiminished the sovereignty of God, and at the same time, to make man bear, without equivocation, the whole burden of his own sinfulness, and the two principles refused to be reconciled. It finally had to be admitted that man has some voice in determining his own destiny. And then his part in this had to be sufficient to justify putting on him all the blame for everything that might go wrong.

I never have been able to understand what spiritual benefit could possibly accrue to me from thinking of myself as a worm, and am therefore delighted to notice how the good sense, or the good taste, of the Church already begins to expunge the cringing and crawling terminology from our hymns and prayers. May the good work go on! Humanity has decided that autocracy benefits neither the governor nor the governed. Human beings are not fitted to be autocrats; the soul is unequal to the spiritual strain. If despotism injures those upon whom it falls politically, can it be an ideal conception for the spiritual relationship?

Political autocracy lies under condemnation because, by depriving the governed of responsibility and power, it tends to rob them of the ability to exercise power and responsibility wisely, or even safely. The French Revolution, more recent events in Russia and elsewhere, afford lurid examples. Democracy claims that if people are ever to develop capacity for self-government and the wise direction of affairs they must be trusted with real power and responsibility. The same arguments are now being applied to industry. What of theology? May it not be true that so long as we persist in regarding God as a benevolent despot, absolutely determining and portioning out every fraction of our lives solely at his pleasure, without any reference to our wish or will, just so long shall we fail to develop in men any real sense of responsibility for their own acts, their own destiny, and the welfare of the whole race.

Jesus began to undermine the autocratic conception when he taught his disciples to say, "Our Father which art in heaven." Here was something that brought men into a definite personal relationship with God. If God is my Father, I have something in common with him. But Jesus went much further than this, when he attained to that experience which enabled him to say, "I and the Father are one." Nor did he claim this as an exclusive privilege, for, according to the Fourth Gospel, at least, he looked for a union of his disciples with himself and the Father: "that they may all be one; even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they may also be in us."

Here is a blow struck at the idea that God comes upon us from without and imposes an alien will, to which the devout attitude is prone submission. It goes deeper than Tennyson's

"Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours to make them thine."



When I really know myself, and understand aright what satisfies my deepest and truest yearning, misled by no blind prejudice, freed from the incarceration of ignorance, developed along normal lines, I find that my will is identical with the will of God. "Myself am hell!" Yes, but in a profounder sense, "I and the Father are one."

Remember what self it is that is one with God. "In me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing," cries the saint.

"I am all unrighteousness,  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou' art full of truth and grace."

Wesley's immortal hymn speaks the language of the saints of all ages, and no attempt shall be made here to gainsay an experience to which so many of the finest spirits have borne witness. They have also declared with equal vehemence their desire to be freed from the servitude of that which they variously describe as "the flesh," "the body of this death" and their sins. Here, indeed, is something that can never be one with God. But this is what the true liberated self loathes, for that finds nothing tolerable except the Highest and those who are joined unto him. Eucken thus describes the situation:—

"Nowhere is religion able to gain man for its new world unless it frees him from the old world, and enables him to dislike, and even to hate, what hitherto has swayed and enchanted him. There is no possibility of a genuine and effective turn of his life without a breach with the nearest-at-hand world—without a clear discovery of the misery and vanity of such a world. This world must displease man not only at certain points, but in its entirety."

It is when the true self is thus emancipated that the real will finds expression. The imperfect, unsanctified life is spurned as evil. Life now reveals its underlying system and purpose as the quest for God. Thus he appears, not as a despot, seeking to impose anything; God is elected by the free and independent vote of the soul. His will is discovered within ourselves, the very law of our truest being.

Shall I say, then, "Myself am God"? A thousand times, No! That would be the blackest blasphemy, all the more horrible and deadly because it so nearly impinges on the sacred truth. That is like the door in the side of the mountain which Bunyan found to be a byway to hell from the very gate of heaven. Myself am a poor, weak pilgrim struggling painfully onward and upward towards a shining goal that seems ever to fly before me. God is the goal. But in his upward toiling the pilgrim knows also that the goal is within himself, an ideal and a dream, soul of his soul, verily his true but unrealized self.

*Vox populi, vox Dei.* The essential thing is to know which of the voices that claim to speak for the people is authentically divine. We have to differentiate between democracy and mob rule. Liberty being that condition in which one may be and do



his truest and best, the voice of a free people is not always heard in the thundering majorities, but only when they speak *ex cathedra*—it is that deep, sure voice, speaking out of the long experience, yea, out of the suffering of the centuries, confessing the fundamental convictions of humanity, the age-long yearning of our noblest being after the Good, the True and the Beautiful—this is the voice of God.

The conception of God here outlined may be accepted by a free people with holy humility and without loss of dignity. It involves the attitude expressed by Paul: "Not that I have already obtained, or am already made perfect; but I press on . . ." and this keeps the mind humble and aspiring. The thought of the achievements of the best and highest of the race as being but incomplete and imperfect embodiments of the ideal inspires reverence. The yearning after holiness and perfection finds adequate expression. Because God ceases to be thought of merely as a despot and becomes a democracy, a brotherhood in which each participates increasingly as he advances towards his best, love in its highest expression, cleansed from all self-seeking and unworthiness, permeates and inspires the whole.

The democratic conception of God, then, must be carefully differentiated from self-worship and the deification of humanity. I am not God, but the Kingdom of God is within me. My normal destiny is union with him. Sin and imperfection simply prove how much ground remains to be covered, and to become conscious of them is to be spurred to press on to the mark of my high calling. Humanity is not God; but he is revealed in the noblest spirits that have been manifested among men. Suffering and social injustice, ignorance and crime, because we see them as such, demonstrate that God has given us a vision of himself, so much higher than anything to which we have yet attained that there comes to us ever more insistently the impulse to struggle upward and onward.

So that the responsibility for all the wrongs in the world rests squarely and justly on our own shoulders, and that without any theological juggling or shuffling. None of the evils can be removed merely by the intervention of any *deus ex machina*. Such intervention could be expected only from an autocratic God; it is simply impossible to a Divine Democracy. To become conscious of evil in myself or in human society is to become responsible to the limit of my powers for its removal. Is there a thing condemned by the enlightened conscience of humanity? Then it shall go. They who go forth to battle against it may do so in the calm assurance that the Lord of Hosts is with them. Is there a rosy dream that warms the hearts of all good men and true? It shall come to pass. They who struggle for that ideal neither toil nor suffer in vain. But all these things must be accomplished through men and women; and then, when they happen, let it be devoutly said: "It is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes."

(Continued on page 31)





### HOCKEY

The first game of the season in hockey took place on Saturday morning, January 17th, at the Arena Rink, 'Varsity and Wesley being the contestants. The game began on time. With the clang of the bell the players rushed to their places.

Our hearts beat high in anticipation on seeing "Frank" Huntley take her old position as centre, and we also welcomed our former wing, Marion Dent, who capably held her place as point.

Ada Banks nobly preserved Wesley's credit by scoring the only goal, while Ilo McHaffie for a short while occupied an exalted position on the fence. Mona McLachlan starred during the first two parts, but, unfortunately for the team, a knock-out blow prevented her playing the last period. Myrtle Hazelwood still holds our attention as goalie, and with Clara Allingham and Ellen Gillis as subs., the line-up is complete. The girls have been fortunate in securing a very able coach, Dwight Ridd, and an enthusiastic manager, Victor Riddle.

The team, although enthusiastically supported by our "Red and Blue" rooters, fell down owing to lack of combination, but, cheer up, folks! Next time our players will provide lively teamwork and a better score.

### BASKETBALL

The first senior intercollegiate game of the season was played between Agriculture and Wesley on Monday, January 19th, at the Y.W.C.A. The gallery was packed with the enthusiastic supporters of either team, who gave vent to their feelings in the lusty yells of their respective colleges.

The following was the line-up for Wesley:

Forwards—Elin Anderson, Ella Ramsay.

Centres—Ada Banks, Willie Stephens.

Guards—Ilo McHaffie, Mona McLachlan.

The play was fast and furious although the Aggies did not play up to their former standard. The result was a win for Wesley, the score being 30—10 in their favor.



## CURLING

The Wesleyettes are taking a very active part in curling this season. There are fifteen rinks entered from our college with one girl on each, while a special ladies' rink, with Miss Ilo McHaffie as skip, has become quite proficient and is to play in the intercollegiate bonspiel.

---

Mr. Tapp to Miss Edwards: "Why, if here isn't our little kid curler!"

---

The Wesley girls wish to thank Miss Peplow and Miss Armstrong for providing the delightful afternoon tea for them in Sparling Hall, January 14th. The musical program was appreciated but the big item of the afternoon was the talk by Dr. Young (returned missionary from India) to the girls. It was a source of great enjoyment to all, a fact which led to a hearty invitation back for a continuation of the subject when a large number were present to hear her a second time.

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The sincerest sympathy of all the girls is extended to Ada Banks in her recent bereavement.

---

What is the reason for the numerous visitations between Dory Peters and Ellen Stark?

---

The Wesley girls greatly appreciate the new furniture which has found its way into the Ladies' Parlor during the Christmas vacation.

---

Surely we may justly be proud in having Miss Nellie Edwards '20 chosen as one of our representatives for Wesley on intercollegiate debating.

---

The Wesleyettes have enjoyed and appreciated the reports given by our delegates to Des Moines, Ada Banks and Jean McBean. The interest and sincerity shown by these girls have surely been worth while.

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QUERIES—

Why did the third year choose the "Britannia" after the leap year toboggan party?

Because the furniture is well cushioned.

---

Sophorettes: "What is that wonderful power 'Butch' has over women?"

---

Why does Estelle not dance?

Because "Bruno" does the "bear-hug."

---

How can you have a toboggan party without a Hill?



Our idea of a humorist—A man walking down street with an otter collar carefully turned down, rubbing his ears to keep them warm.

---

A certain student, trying to think of something original to do, went to bed at nine o'clock Saturday evening.

---

George Owens a McLachlan Kerr. He ran a Willy's Knight in the ditch Andrew it onto the Bank(s) with a Belt from the Mill(s). Do not Telfer George is Peterson and Peter(s) Yule see will be angry.

---

L.C., L.C., lecture sloper,  
Had a girl and couldn't choke her;  
He locked her in the lecture hall  
Until for the principal she did call.

---

Mr. Gardner (questioning Grade XI in physical geography): "And what happened next, Miss Stevenson, after the Great Glacier had passed over the continent?"

Miss Stevenson: "I don't remember."

---

Our grandparents thought the telephone impossible. The trouble still exists—ours is impossible.

---

Archie August (referring to '20 girl): "She has a smile that would civilize a Bolshevik."

Query: Who is the girl?

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Neva and Wilma (after Leap Year Party): "Haven't we the nicest boys!"

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The first year girls are anxious to know whose turn it is to have his picture next.

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We understand a special course has been given in Wesley—"How to train and manage juniors." The subject deserves commendation.

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Evelyn: "You must beware the theologs. I've heard of one who proposed the second time he was out with a girl."

Myrtle J.: "That's nothing! I know one who proposed the first time."



## THE DES MOINES CONVENTION

During the Christmas holidays a Student Volunteer Convention was held in Des Moines, Iowa, this being the eighth International Convention since the inauguration of this work in 1886. The aim of this movement is not of itself to send missionaries to foreign fields but to secure recruits for the work from among the students — recruits who will later be sent out by the various churches to which they belong. The other students who do not undertake Christian service in foreign fields, it likewise aims to reach and influence, trying to awaken in them an active interest in the work of foreign missions and a whole-hearted zeal for their support, so that they may earnestly promote the missionary efforts of their fellow-students abroad by their gifts, prayers, and intelligent advocacy at home. To this end, a Convention is held once every four years so that each generation of college students may receive from one of these gatherings an inspiration for Christian service at home or abroad. Because of the war, six years have elapsed since the last convention at Kansas City, yet in spite of that, over two thousand of the eight thousand students who have gone out since the movement started have left since that last great gathering.

The representation which met in the great Coliseum in Des Moines was, numerically, one of the largest groups of student delegates ever called together in the interests of this movement. It was composed of nearly eight thousand delegates, students, professors, returned missionaries, and official representatives of various boards, coming from one thousand institutions over the continent, and representing some forty countries. The speakers who addressed the gatherings were men of world-wide fame: John R. Mott, Robt. E. Speer, E. P. Wilder, Sherwood Eddy, and many others equally well known.

From the first, the impression gained was one of an ascent up a great hillside, each succeeding peak and summit gained revealing unexpected, broadening horizons of vision, until the topmost mount was scaled, and there, the horizon lay in a great circle below you, encompassing the whole globe.

For the Western Canadian delegates there were four tourist cars. The Manitoba group, including the representatives from Brandon College, nearly sixty in all, had two cars, leaving a coach each for Alberta and Saskatchewan. By common consent it was decided by our Manitoba delegates to forget the petty rivalries of individual institutions and unite in doing justice to one Provincial yell—that of the University of Manitoba. But when the invisible borderline of the United States was reached, our horizon quickly widened to take in the representatives of our sister provinces, and the result was a unanimous Western Canada yell. With the advent of the Eastern Canadian delegates, the geographical boundaries of our spirits extended immediately to include the whole



of Canada in our vision and yell. Then came a giant peak of vision with horizons of boundless significance opening out before our eyes; the narrow boundaries of nationality were overstepped when one evening at the Coliseum the Canadians stood and joined in the strains of "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and the Americans responded generously with a like honor for the British National Anthem, "God Save the King." One step more and we were led on to the mountain-top of vision and college, state, country and nationality were forgotten as we caught from the various speakers' lips something of the cosmopolitan spirit and saw the international oneness of the world and its needs. At our feet lay spread the countries of the world, giving a birds'-eye view of their individual difficulties, needs and appeals. The challenge, briefly summed up, was: the great non-Christian religions of the world have failed to answer the needs of their followers, and because of inner weaknesses will always fail; the adequacy of the religion of Jesus Christ to meet these needs can be shown. Who will go to tell the nations of the world of this?

In condemning the great religions of the world, many of them countless centuries older than the Christian faith, we are compelled to recognize in them some truths, some scattered seeds of morality. As Lowell says:

"God sends his teachers unto every age,  
To every clime and every race of men,  
With revelations fitted to their growth  
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth  
Into the selfish rule of one sole race.  
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed  
The life of man and given it to grasp  
The master key of knowledge—Reverence,  
Infolds some germs of goodness and of right  
Else never had the eager soul, which loathes  
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,  
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest."

In the words of a converted heathen it is summed up: "If I could not have the sunlight of Christianity, I would not be without the starlight of Confucianism"; yet he knew the faint light of the stars needs must fade before the greater glories of the Dawn.

If, then, these religions have their good points, wherein have they failed? "By their fruits ye shall know them," and it is in these products that they are worthy of condemnation. We have but to examine their creeds. The great Hindoo faith with its complex systems of philosophies and theories is marked by a deep sense of spirituality in its devotees; it believes that God reveals Himself to man and they await with hope the tenth incarnation which is yet to come, and which will be sinless. But this Religion, when measured by the standards of Christianity, falls far short of this highest mark. Its rigid caste system, dividing the classes of its people into water-tight compartments,



destroys utterly that which is one of the fundamental facts of the Christian faith, the essential Brotherhood of Man.

Recognizing no brotherhood of man, it follows that they have no conception of the Fatherhood of God; indeed, they feel that the idea of a Personal God sets impossible limitations on the Godhead.

Their codes of ethics awaken no moral or religious consciousness of the sinfulness of sin. Action is sin. "If we want to make a living, we have to sin," explained a Hindoo, "for a holy man must not kill even ants; hence he must not plough." Holiness, then, consists in **passivity** and the holy man withdraws into hermit-like seclusion. He fears lest the shadow of an outcaste crossing his path, may pollute him; so he leaves the rest of his less fortunate neighbors to work out their own salvation, while he tries to save his own miserable soul. "Mene, mene tekel, upharsin," writes the Christian faith over such an existence, "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

Virtue, then, consisting in quiescence, goodness in negation, holiness in torpidity, they have no sense of a victorious life, lived in conquest over sin; nor is there any scheme of redemption or a personal Saviour.

The Doctrine of Karma precludes all hope of a personal immortality, and to it is due the dark, melancholy, fatalistic outlook of those who believe in it. Through countless æons, man pays for his sins; all evil which overtakes him is necessary, unavoidable, the inevitable reward of some wrong done, it may be, ages before. So the ill must be endured with resignation and no attempt made to overcome it.

Next, we may turn to the Mohammedan Creed. The great Moslem Faith has, undoubtedly, vitality and strength; due largely to its almost fanatical missionary spirit. It has an intense conviction and belief in one Almighty and living God. This is its condemnation: "that Light is come into the world and men love darkness rather than light," for this faith grew up years after Christ's appearance, and is the only non-Christian faith which "has blindfolded Christ and spat in his face and rejected Him."

In company with the other non-Christian religions it has failed absolutely as a religion for the child. The warrior, poet and prophet made no provision for little ones. There is only one religion in the world and only one teacher in the world who could have uttered that "Magna Charta of childhood": "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"—one of the most original and daring utterances ever uttered by any religious teacher of any age or clime.

Again, with the other heathen faiths, it fails utterly in its treatment of the home and its degradation and enslavement of women. The Hindoo faith shuts its holy texts from women and outcastes. Confucius declares that the way of salvation "women's feet are too weak to tread." Buddha says that "Just as



when the disease called mildew falls upon a field of rice in fine condition, that field of rice does not continue long. Just so, under whatever doctrine and discipline women are allowed, that religion will not last long." There is only one religion in the world which divined the spiritual in women; only one religion which gives one law for men and women, and even the followers of the Christian Faith are only beginning dimly to recognize this.

So there is only one faith under heaven, that of Christ Jesus which offers salvation for the whole world; for in Him "there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

Nor has Christianity failed; all that is bad in our civilization is bad because it contradicts Christianity. All the wrongs in our social and economic life, the inconsistency of so-called Christian nations at war with each other exist only because there is not enough Christianity in the world of the right sort to prevent them."

If, then, Christianity offers the only hope for the world's salvation, how are the non-Christian lands to know it without a preacher? "Lift up your eyes; the fields are even now ripe unto the harvest." As John R. Mott puts it, since the great war, "this is a humbled world; it is an expectant world; it is a teachable world."

Before us lies India with its millions of people, entering this year, 1920, upon self-government. Can the Hindoo belief with its caste system ever produce leaders fit to guide a democratic government? "Where the people rule, they must be taught to rule." India faces the fact that only two per cent. of its women and eight per cent. of its men are literate, and less than four per cent. are at school. From a medical standpoint the country is in the thrall of ignorance, superstition and dire need. We have approximately one doctor to every six hundred people; in India the proportion is one doctor to a million. What if we had cared for our soldiers in this ratio! Canada would have had no doctors at the front and Great Britain but a handful. The call for lady doctors and nurses is particularly urgent, for in many cases the women can be reached only by a woman physician. From an agricultural standpoint the call comes, "Help India to help herself." Scientific farming can do much to prevent the great famines and save millions of lives. He who said that the cup of cold water given in His "name" shall not go unrewarded will surely repay those who "to one of the least of these," His little ones, gives meat when he is "an hungered."

In Japan the opportunity is swiftly passing. Already their education is fast becoming merely secular, and if Japan gets our Western civilization without the spirit of Christ she is in danger of becoming "a Germany of the East and making of China a second Armenia." One of the most striking figures at the Convention was that of an old Japanese preacher. This old man has been preaching for years one sermon, three hours in length, which he believes gives Christianity in a nutshell; the conviction



of sin and God's plan for redemption. This sermon he has preached eight hundred times, and each time to a different audience. In this way, he hopes that before his death every man in Japan will have been given a chance to hear of God's plan, to accept or reject it.

If we measure God's plan for China by the gifts he has bestowed upon her, a glorious future surely lies before her. To her keeping he has entrusted one-quarter of the human race, and natural resources that are almost inexhaustible. 1905 saw China's Intellectual revolution when she broke away from a curriculum of two thousand years' standing. 1911 marks her Political revolution. Now she is ready for a Spiritual revolution, and without the Spirit of Christ China will, indeed, be for the world but "a Yellow Peril."

Africa presents an immediate call. On the north lie the swarming hordes of Islam, "who either find or make a desert wherever they go." To the south lie ten million Christians. In between lies a great belt of forty million pagans—a vast no-man's land of possibility. Ten thousand Mohammedan students are preparing at their university to be missionaries of their faith of the sword. To whom will the victory go?

In view of the unprecedented needs, and unequalled opportunities offered in this age, it surely behooves each one to ponder deeply and in all seriousness ask himself, not "Why should I go?" but rather, "Why should I not go?"

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(Concluded from page 23)

In a political democracy the people make many mistakes, but they learn the difficult art of self-government by governing themselves. Gradually comes the realization of the dignity and solemnity of freedom, and the ability to bear the awful burden develops with the consciousness of its stupendous weight. Even so, in the Divine Democracy responsibility and power go together. The more completely we realize how absolutely human welfare and progress has been left in our own hands, the more heroically we shall face the tasks and problems involved, and the greater will be our power to accomplish these things. God helps those that help themselves. Thus also we shall learn how to value aright the dignity and the glory of humanity.

It need hardly be said that such a conception of God, even at best, can be accepted only as one more step towards the complete comprehension of the Deity. If the autocratic idea must be superseded, it is not therefore condemned as wholly false; no one should ever have thought of it as final and complete. And this also must be borne in mind when we think of God under the figure of a democracy, just as when we thought of him under the figure of an earthly monarch. If we can thereby learn something more or grasp a little more clearly some truth that will enable us more adequately to comprehend the Divine Reality and interpret that to ourselves and to our age, that is all we can hope to accomplish.

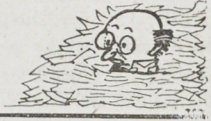




EXCHANGE



REVIEW



**"Reminiscences of the Great War,"** James Henry. (J. P. Allen & Co., New Orleans, \$2.25 net.)

This book is interesting mainly as being the result of a rather odd viewpoint. We venture to say that no other of the many writers of reminiscences, memoirs, and the like, of the great struggle just concluded puts the emphasis on the same phases of his war experience. For example, in chap. 4, p. 5, he says:

"There were, of course, many moments of doubt and perplexity, but in all my service I never experienced such a moment of incredulity as came to me in a little town on the Arras-Bapaume road. Hardly one stone or brick had been left upon another. It had been evacuated by the civilian population long since. The surrounding country was the wilderness of barbed wire, battle debris and abandoned trenches usual to those parts. Overhead were fighting-planes, and along the road streamed a continual line of supply trucks, artillery, and marching soldiers. Yet, as we passed a cemetery there, in which even some of the graves had been disturbed by shell-fire, I caught sight of white letters on a ground of black velvet. Hardly able to believe my astonished eyes I blinked, looked again, and read 'Credo.'"

Or again in the same chapter, p. 41:—

"I had suffered, indeed, so had we all, many disappointments; but for sheer poignancy and rivalry of the exquisite tortures of Tantalus, I cannot recollect a more vexing moment than when our section were quartered in a trench at the Sensée canal. The rations had been very ordinary for many days, and for weeks no one had received a parcel. Consequently, when the day's food was distributed just as we were going out on a patrol, and we caught sight of a "strawberry" label, we perked up and thought of jam (ordinarily an odious subject) all through the night. At dawn visions of strawberry vines and luscious berries, as we recollected them from happier days, atoned for the discomforts of crawling. On entering the dug-out we reached simultaneously for our knives and the pot of jam. The calmest of the group succeeded in opening his knife and removing the lid when to our unspeakable discomfiture we discovered that the rascally lance-corporal had put the strawberry label on a can of lemon marmalade!"



And again in Chap. 3, p. 9:—

"Perhaps the most intense moment in my whole experience 'over there' occurred in October, 1918, while my battalion was held up by a strongly fortified position. I was on outpost duty—had been for a number of nights—with a Lewis gun which, as I never had occasion to fire it, was an object of disgust and resentment. The weather was inclement, the post full of water, and the enemy bombardments largely of gas. We were cold, miserable, badly on edge and were expecting a small ration party on our left. At length through the dark, made more sombre by gas-fumes and the fact that we were wearing our masks, I saw some grotesque figures cautiously and laboriously approaching. Was it —? Could it be that the gun would at last vibrate against my shoulder? All a-tremble I challenged the figures. 'Rum ration,' came the muffled answer, and we wept for joy."

Truly our author has had momentous experiences. Another example and we pass on to other features of the book.

"It has been said that when a soldier crossed the sea to fight in Picardy all France rose up to meet him. This I found quite true. It did. With its arms full of bottles, baskets and boxes it dogged his footsteps with cries of 'Orangey!' 'Chocolat!' 'Biere!'—and Napoleon called the English a nation of shopkeepers!"

This is a little peevish. Mr. Henry must have been unfortunate in his billeting areas. There are, however, in the various chapters, rather fine descriptive bits. For instance in Chap. 1, p. 4:—

"Looking out of the box-car door I saw innumerable straight rows of tall trees, bent towards the east like giant soldiers crouched for some tremendous bayonet charge. 'Ne passeront pas' is the cry here even in nature."

Or again, a little further on in the same chapter:—

"High in the upper heavens, scorning the futile attempts of the anti-aircraft guns to stop it, soared a plane, white and glistening in the afternoon sunlight like the soul of a fallen 'ace' come to view the scenes of past encounters."

And this in Chap. 5, p. 2:—

"We were trudging along in the dark, grumbling under our packs and without the consolation of tobacco, when we heard the hum of an enemy plane. Suddenly, no less than seven searchlight beams darted up around us and arched overhead like the brands of Gargantuan departed warriors uplifted to give us cheer. The plane glided into the crux formed by two of the beams and appeared poised there like an uncanny, huge, white moth. Then as a shell struck it, like a moth too near a flame, its wings took fire and it fluttered flaring and helpless to the ground far beneath."

Mr. Henry was fortunate in being a member of the Rhine army of occupation. He gives us two pictures of Cologne which I append here. First, this from Chap. 6:—



"I had read and heard much of the picturesqueness and romantic beauty of the Rhine. Imagine, then, my disappointment on coming out in the morning (they apparently arrived after dark—Ed.) to see before me a dreary landscape composed of, in the foreground, fast-flowing dirty water covered with barges, and beyond, flat country with innumerable chimney-stacks in lieu of forest. True, by looking toward the right, one got a glimpse of sunlight on the twin towers of Cologne Cathedral and on one arch of a railway bridge, and o'er a point, in a clump of trees, soared a slender church spire. Yet I felt that one would have not only to be a native with a very profitable interest in some of the many factories and breweries, but also to be very comfortably and torpidly distended with sauerkraut and laager, to take much pleasure from the Rhine-view there."

While it is somewhat in vogue just now to vilify or satirize everything German, we must yet remember that it is a mark of that high sporting sense of the truly British to treat the losing side with respect and consideration. While our author's description is no doubt facetious, it is not cricket, and for this reason we deprecate this irrepressibility.

Of the cathedral in Cologne Mr. Henry has this to say:—

"The magnificent west portal, so massive, so symmetrical, and with such a wealth of ornament; those splendid towers, expressing at the same time such strength, rigidity and slenderness; and, best of all, in the interior, the central aisle with its wonderful continuity of form and ornamentation holding unbroken from the extreme west end of the nave to the eastern extremity of the choir in that most elegant of styles, the pointed Gothic, was something I had never dreamed of actually seeing. Standing in that high marvel of Gothic art I recollected those quaint lines of the American poetess:

"The little white prayers  
Of Elspeth Fry  
Mount up the arches  
Into the sky.  
A little blackbird  
On the belfry high  
Pecks at them  
As they go by.'"

While we cannot say that the author has achieved a very high or earnest tone in this book, yet we must admit that he is never dull. His faculty of lying in wait for one with a slap-stick sort of anticlimactic humor, while it is not real art, is still "different," and that is something in his favor. We recommend the book to all who take life and the war too seriously.

—G. White.

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"Vox" delights to honor a prophet—even in his own college—and therefore tenders sincerest congratulations to Prof. Skuli



Johnson, for contribution to the December University magazine. Therein will be found from the pen of Mr. Johnson: "Love—A Sonnet from the Greek." We reproduce it here:—

"Lo, my beloved, the One who fashion lent  
To all the world our earth from tears did raise,  
Mid tears delight; mid tears he mingled praise,  
And with tears blended he each heart's content.  
Contending, men cross sea and continent;  
Aye, cross and leave no memory or trace.  
Through tears men seek on Science mute to gaze  
And die grey-grown, yet know not what Life meant.  
Man's yearnings dim adown dark chaos sail;  
He harbours hopes, but they untimely fail.  
He seeks winged shadows that from him e'er move,  
Yet, to his view, the rays of one still star  
Down gleam, borne gently through the gloom afar;  
One smile alone assuages him: 'tis Love."

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In the December issue of the "Manitoban" is an editorial on "University Spirit." All students ought to read this as it certainly infers the poignant question: "What is Your share in bettering YOUR University?" As students of the University it is our bounden duty to support the teams, whether in Hockey, Football, Dramatics or Debating, that represent the University at any time or any place. Unity being essential to success, let the suggestion inferred in the editorial on "University Spirit" receive due consideration of every reader of "Vox."

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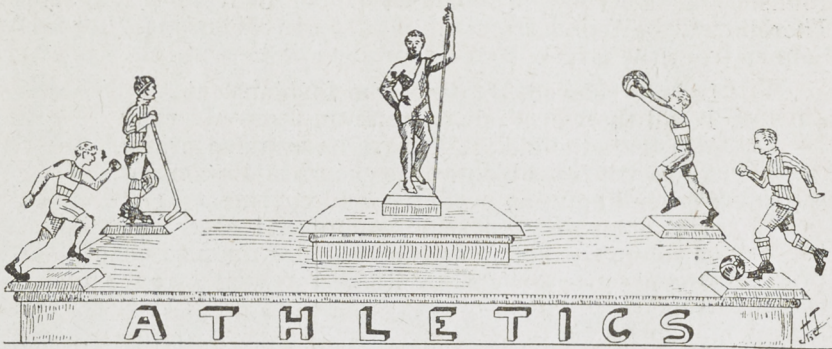
Once again "The Gateway," which is the Alberta University journal, brings to the foreground of college topics the ancient subject concerning "secret societies" or "frats." Up to the present Western Canadian universities appear to have been relatively free of this evil, but even in Manitoba it has from time to time endeavored to assert itself in one form or another. There can be hardly any doubt that such a growth is detrimental to the best interests of the university or college, and wherever found, in whatever form, it ought to be attacked vigorously, for those who are sponsor to the idea would seem to have a greater interest in their class or society than in the university itself. "Vox Publica" in "The Gateway" points out that a fraternal society has no more justification in the senior year than among "freshmen." Neither has it. Fortunately the local institutions appear to be fairly independent of such secret societies.

—T. W. H. W. '20.

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Ronald's Motto—The longest way round is the shortest way home.





### BASKETBALL

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Basketball is one of those games which require not only strength, endurance, vitality and pep, but also a great deal of scientific skill in thought as well as in execution. In fact, strength of body is but a secondary qualification in a good basketball player. It is alertness of mind backed up by speed of movement rather than brute strength which distinguishes the finished player from the awkward. The value of basketball is, therefore, that it develops the mind as well as the muscles of the players.

The Wesley boys represent a combination of these essential qualities, which, added to the fact that many of the players have had previous experience in basketball series, goes far towards making them worthy rivals for the silverware. In the Crowe League Series at the Y.M.C.A. our boys are making a good name for themselves and for their college. We feel sure that they will also do so in the Intercollegiate Series. To help them do this, we elicit the enthusiastic presence and vociferous support in the gallery circles of every staunch supporter of the Red and Blue.

The Wesley games will be played as follows:—

1. Jan. 21.—Wesley vs. Agriculture.
2. Jan. 24.—St. Johns vs. Wesley.
3. Feb. 4.—Medicals vs. Wesley.
4. Feb. 11.—Arts vs. Wesley.
5. Feb. 18.—Engineers vs. Wesley.
6. Feb. 25.—Wesley vs. Law.

All the games are played in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium. The games start at 6.30 p.m. in order that the rooters and players may get away early enough to meet other engagements—or still get in a good night's study, if so desired.

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Sincere(?) condolences are offered to Mr. A. V. S. D. Pigott for the recent picturesque appearance of his right eye. Somebody evidently thought its natural color was not quite rich enough.



HOCKEY

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With the opening of the hockey season this year there arose among the enthusiasts at Wesley the question of whether or not two teams should be entered. There were those who felt that it would be poor sportsmanship to enter only a Junior team; on the other hand those who knew claimed that there was not enough Senior material in the College to warrant us entering a team in the Senior League. The question was still undecided when the first general practice for the U.M.S.U. was held. Our representatives attended this practice and came back convinced that only a Junior team should be entered. The reasons given were—that Wesley had no outstanding players such as the other Senior teams had, men who were already playing Senior City Hockey; the only men who had played before were Junior players; therefore Wesley would have a very poor chance of winning anything save a glorious defeat and would spoil the League for other Senior teams. Moreover, the hockey spirit would have suffered amongst the College fans as it is hard to keep up enthusiasm in a team which is hopelessly outclassed.

When the vexed problem of whether or not we should enter a Senior team had been solved in the negative there arose another to take its place—i.e., who should have the honor and privilege of representing the College on the Junior team. While there were no Senior players among the boys there were more than enough Junior players, and the question of selection became very difficult. All who could play, or who wished they could, turned out enthusiastically to every practice, and worked so hard that it became necessary to call in the aid of our hockey enthusiasts among the profs. for advice as to the choosing of the players. Finally a team was selected to play 'Varsity on January 14th, and if one may parody a well-known poet when speaking of the 'Varsity Senior-Junior team—

“Oh! what a fall was theirs, my college friends.”

Despite the fact that they played three registered Senior men and two others who had played Senior the week before, and also this past week, the 'Varsity sextette were unable to do more than tie the score with our redoubtable Juniors. It was a great game—fast, close and heavy checking in which our fellows decidedly held their own; few penalties—and 'Varsity incurred all those. Murray scored two splendid goals for Wesley, Salter added another, while McPherson's last goal on a solo rush was certainly a “beaut.” Great excitement prevailed along the fence-boards—if the team were not given double strength by the vociferous rooting it was not the fault of our fair Wesleyettes, I am sure. The game, which resulted in a tie 4—4, was played under protest by Wesley, and although the decision of the Committee has not yet been given, we are satisfied that, as the well-known author, Don Ross, would say, “It was a glorious victory.”



The following boys represented Wesley in a very worthy manner:—Goal—John Sigurjonson; Defence—Salter and McPherson; Forwards—Vopni, right wing, D. Ridd centre, V. Murray left wing. Subs.—G. Churchill, V. Riddle.

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### OFF-SIDES

The Wesley girls and boys think John's a wonderful goalkeeper. 'Varsity makes the motion unanimous.

When Salter "corkscrews" along the ice one naturally thinks of Kenora and Johnny Walker! But those rushes are certainly effective—à la Joe Simpson!

Advice to all rival goalkeepers—Never try to stop Mac's shots with your face. 's no use.

When "Gordie" gets that wild look in his eye, puts down his head, and charges—look out!

Does anybody know where Vic. Murray learned to handle a hockey stick? If so, please inform the manager of the Falcons.

A new star has been located this month. The Free Press states that it may be seen, without a telescope, in the right forward line of the Wesley hockey team. It's common name is "Vop."

Dwight's hard luck around goal is bound to change—two goals last game, but one was slightly offside, and next time the goalie fainted! Keep on sticking around, Dwight—you'll count some next time.

Our Senior Stick was right there with the old hockey-stick, too. Any time you need real combination just call on Vic.

—J. E. R. '19

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### CURLING

The "roarin' game" has found many adherents in old Wesley this year. We have 17 rinks who battle for leadership every Thursday afternoon at the Heather Rink in Norwood.

There is a girls' rink and also a faculty rink, all the others being just ornery rinks consisting of one girl and three boys. The Bonspiel could not evince any more enthusiastic playing than is displayed weekly by this motley throng of boys, girls and faculty. We tender our heartiest thanks to Scotland for originating the grand old game.

There are three cups for intercollegiate competition this year.

In the series to be played for the Porte & Markle Trophy, Dwight Ridd, with Pigott, Elliott and George, will represent



Wesley. It is a knock-out series and Wesley is still in the running, having defeated Haig of Law.

There is to be a ladies' competition in which Wesley has entered one rink. We look forward to a good deal of success in sending a team consisting of Misses McHaffie, McLachlan, Banks and Peters. They will surely administer the Wesley treatment to all opponents.

The Dingwall Trophy, which is the original intercollegiate cup, will be hard to win, but "here's hopin'."

In this series Law has succumbed to an attack of the "Red and Blue," being defeated in totals by 37—19. The rinks which represented Wesley were: Ridd with George, Halstead and Sigurjonson; Moore with Maynard, Dennison and Dennison; Pigott with Baker, Elliott and Gould.

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Wonder how the psychologist would explain the fact that boys—and also girls—don't mind even blistering their hands to sweep rocks on ice, yet to sweep dust on floors is like being martyrs without the halo of glory attached?

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## SCIENCE FRAGMENTS

### EOHIPPIUS

In my study of Palæontology I discovered just what the first horse was like.

It was called Eohippus or "the Dawn Horse," and resembled, in general proportions, our fox-terrier. It was twelve inches, or three hands high at the withers, with an arched back and a short head and neck. Its limbs were of moderate length with four toes on each of the fore-limbs, and three toes on each of the hind-limbs—each toe ending in a hoof-like nail. Splints remain which indicate that its ancestors had five toes on each foot.

Its teeth were very simple in comparison to the complex nature of those of the modern horse. This, together with its environment, would show that it lived almost entirely on succulent herbs. The whole country at that time was clothed with luxuriant vegetation, having a warm, moist climate. Huge forests with shining lakes and rippling streams gave place at times to sedgy meadows and grassy plains.

The fossils of Eohippus are found in the Wasatch formation of the Lower Eocene period and this strata was laid down approximately 3,000,000 years ago. The accuracy of this evidence has been proven by tracing all the fossil types from the present day back to this early date. Otherwise if we just had this one type to compare with our present-day horses, it would take a man of great courage to make the statement that the fossil of Eohippus was really a horse.

—W. R. '19.





At the Des Moines Convention Wesley was well represented by graduates who came from different parts of the country. W. Banks '14 was one of those who stood for the Alma Mater in the delegation sent from Manitoba; D. R. Patterson '11 was with the Saskatchewan delegation and was Faculty Representative of Regina College where he has charge of the Department of Religious Education, and also a Field about forty miles from that city. Hiram Hull '02 and Kate Greenbank '16 were with Toronto, representatives of the Methodist Training School there. Kate hopes to leave for work in China some time next fall. Among the speakers, too, was Dr. Jas. Endicott, '93, General Secretary of the Missionary Department of the Methodist Church.

#### WEDDING BELLS!

On Dec. 15th, Miss Bessie Mossop, of Cumberland, England, was united in marriage to Rev. Wm. T. Brady '19, pastor of the Union Church, Oakville. Rev. A. Stewart performed the ceremony and Wm. M. Thompson of Wesley College acted as best man.

On Dec. 31st, Miss Edith E. Robertson '17 became the bride of Fred D. Barager '14, the ceremony being performed by Rev. R. F. Argue '11. The happy couple are living at 95 Lansdowne Ave., Winnipeg.

On Jan. 7th, at Victoria, B.C., Miss Etta B. Andrews was married to Harry Oswald English '13. "Happy" was for some years one of the experts with the Department of Agriculture of British Columbia. After the ceremony, the happy couple left for Vancouver on the afternoon boat en route for Harding, Man., where they will take up residence on the groom's farm, which was the winner of a gold medal last year for its all-round efficiency.

"Vox" offers best wishes to each of the happy couples.

Belva A. Brandon '11 is articled with Messrs. Brown, Thompson & McLean, Regina.

T. W. Johnson '13 is in charge of a school under the Methodist Church in the foreign district at Insinger.



Geo. H. Lee '14 has been elected President of the new Inter-University Athletic Union.

"Pat" Carrothers '16, who is studying at Edinburgh University, has been made a non-resident fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute. He is also President of the University Canadian Club at that famous Scottish seat of learning.

Miss K. Connolly '19, after completing a course at the Winnipeg Normal School, is now teaching on the staff of the Cecil Rhodes School. Her sister, Miss Irene I. Connolly '18, is teaching at Canora, Sask.

Morley W. Coxsworth '12, after his return from overseas' service with the 4th Divisional Train, is engaged in legal work at Davidson, Sask.

Olive E. Crookshanks '13 is principal of the school at Ninga, Man.

Alex. W. Cuddy '16 has articulated in law in the city.

Marion Dent '18 and Ora Adamson '19 are in the city—taking a Normal Course.

Louise A. Foreman '19 is teaching at Glenboro, Man.

W. S. Gable '14 is taking a course in Farm Machinery at the Agricultural College and at the same time writing off his Master's Thesis in English. His brother, V. Gable '15, is principal of a school near Regina.

Clifford L. Haney '12 and his wife are at Spondon-near-Derby, England, where he is a chemist at the Cellulose and Chemical Factory.

Morley S. Loughheed '12 and some of the other Canadian Rhodes' Scholars spent a pleasant vacation in London and the district around Paignton.

Irene E. Thompson '18, who is teaching at Guernsey, Sask., spent the Christmas holidays in town, looking up many old friends and acquaintances.

B. J. Surtees '12, who went to Szechuan, West China, in 1912, took malaria fever while there and was forced to leave that climate temporarily. At present he is recuperating in Toronto.

Dr. Victor Dolmage '12, who is with the Dominion Geological Department at Vancouver, is in charge of the survey of Northern British Columbia.

T. A. Neelin '10 has been making a survey of the Province in the matter of the report on school teachers' salaries.

S. A. Bjarnason '11, who spent last summer on his farm near Morden, has left for Berkeley, California, to resume agricultural studies.

E. A. Woodhull '96 is editor of the "Silver City Enterprise" at Silver City, New Mexico.

"Pete" Tallin '16 left Dec. 29th for Oxford, England, where he will take up the study of Jurisprudence.



On Jan. 16th the '17 Class held a Surprise Party for Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Barager. After an enjoyable time on the toboggan slides, the party adjourned to the home of their former Lady Stick, née Edith Robertson, where refreshments and wedding presentations proved the final items of a merry evening.

Isaac L. Warkentin '12 is teaching at Winkler, Man. His brother, Ben. Warkentin '14 is handling the home farm near the same town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Morrison (née Miss K. Adeline Ruston '16) expect to leave for China some time in February.

During the Christmas holidays a joint reunion of the '16 Classes of 'Varsity and Wesley was held in the form of a dinner at the Olympia. Among the Red and Blue representatives were: Mary Rogers, who is articulated in Moose Jaw; Gladys Pettingill, who is teaching at Selkirk, Man.; Vivian Dickenson, who is teaching at Killarney, Man.; Herb. Jackson, "Chick" Childerhose, Alex. Cuddy and Pete Tallin.

Dr. C. A. Barager '10 has been appointed medical superintendent of the Brandon Asylum. At present he is taking Psychopathic work in Boston, New York and Baltimore, but expects to return in the spring to take up his new charge.

On Dec. 30, to Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Mann '10, twin girls. "Vox" offers heartiest congratulations.

Roy W. Wydeman '08 has been appointed leader of Westminster Church Choir.

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## ELEGIAC STANZAS

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To—M. M.

Fond relic of a barbarous time,  
 Companion mine in many a clime,  
 Thou hast been gripped in abject fear.  
 (And dipped, I wot, in many a beer.)  
 Upon the Rhine began thy day,  
 After dull travail and dire fray.  
 The Meuse saw thee in straggling youth,  
 Fit index of return, in sooth;  
 The Thames and Avon mirrored thee,  
 What time we floated happy, free  
 From colonel, captain and reveille.  
 How did we groan o'er ocean bent,  
 And hail sunrise on Saint Laurent!  
 What tickly kisses did we shed  
 As through the crowd at home we fled!  
 And now I drop two burning tears  
 As over thee I hold the shears—  
 My moustache.



Swan River, Dec. 20th, 1919.

Deer Anty,

I take my pen to write to you to let you know how much I and Bugsey Williams are grateful for that fifty-cent pease you sent us. It sure was a hole lot more than the job of shuveling your walk was worth. We sure never ex-pect-ed to get anything for it. I and Bugsey aint mersonary about any little thing we can do for a lady. Not that the cash aint well-come. In these days of the high Cost of Liveing, tho' I and Bugsey aint got no famelys to support, we sure find it hard to make both ends meet, let alone tie in a bow.

I sup-pose you will want to know what I and Bugsey done with the money?

Well! Ant, I wanted to get a pare of skates, but Bugsey he can't skate on account of his mother having the roo-mat-ism and needing him for to run errunds. Bugsey, tho' he is a reel nice boy, gen-er-ally talking, wanted to buy a duzen bananas, but as you know, Ant, I never eat them any more since that time at your house when I and Dorothy et all the bananas you had for dessert. We really didn't mean to, on account of me later having been struck several times on the trousers by my father.

So when Miss Mac Clane said to our literachure class to be sure to go to the pitcher-show "Romeo & Juliet" at regular prices at the Gayatay on acct. of us going to study it if we pass next summer.

I and Bugsey thot we would spent the fifty-cent pease that way, being able to get two seats for 45c and then to get a nickles worth of lickorish drops for re-fresh-mints. Also we could get some culcher which I and Bugsey being almost thirteen in a couple of years, will soon need to be thinking of, if we ex-pect to go into sassiety which I and Bugsey dont want to do but feel to be our duty.

We went to the show Saturday night and I carried the lickorish drops on acct. of Bugsey being sometimes careless and it would never do to leave them at home.

The show was pretty good. Bugsey he thot Romeo was grand specially in the place where he licked the tar outa Paris. But I think he was a silly wop to drink that poison stuff just because he thought his girl was dead.

You know Ant, while I admire wimin a whole lot, I don't think Ant, we men should let them wreck our car-eers like that specially if they aint dead but only drugged. Also Ant, I dont believe Romeo was much of a man, he stuck around that girl's veranda too long. I and Bugsey think he should have brought around his flivver or whatever they used in them days and took her off without saying anything to the famelys, but let them fight it out among themselves. I guess they'd been glad to do it, they didn't seem to have much else to do.



Anyway Bugsey says thats the way to treat women. You gotta shew them whose boss anyway.

I guess Bugsey oughta know, he's got two brothers married and he says its enuff.

Well good-bye deer Ant, and thanks very much for the cash.  
your neffu,  
James.

### APOLOGY

Think not, since I am absent from thy side,  
And rarer now those hours of quiet bliss,  
That far from thee or long would I abide,  
Fond maid, forgetful of thy ling'ring kiss.  
Think not I flee the charms which bind me most,  
To nevermore receive from thy fair hands  
The sandwich, cake, or tea and toast  
Delicious. Now must I envisage lands  
Which Louis Philippe's proud ambition swayed;  
Grim Bismarck plotting out an empire's scope;  
Wise Cavour's spirit ever undismayed,  
And mild Mazzini's never quenched hope;  
Or march with Garibaldi's hero throng  
To free a country foiled by powers of wrong.

—A Senior.

Bert Mills is teaching school near Swan River. We wonder if he ever, through force of habit, "swipes" his pupils' lunches.

Myrtle (reading Mary's notes): "For the love o' mud, what do all these abbreviations mean?"

Mary: "Oh, I have a little Code of my own."

Dr. Allison (speaking of Thackeray's lecturing, for which he received £1 per minute or thereabouts): "I could go on talking forever at that rate of pay."

C. Green: "Oh! but you'd have to say something."

Mr. Twiss (in physics lab. during an electrical experiment): "Are you sure there is resistance in both your arms?"

Miss Jennings: "I think so."



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